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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1765, and is now in its one hundred and fiftieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with political news, well selected national and general news, well selected, interesting and valuable features and household departments. Regarding so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable. Unsolicited advertisements are not wanted.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 203, Order Sons of St. George—Peter Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 18, Knights of Columbus—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Goddard, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 207, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Bruce Butterton, President; David Melton, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (District 12)—Miss B. M. Casey, President; Miss B. O'Donnell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

ODIAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Harry J. Burdette, Master Workman; Perry B. Dwyer, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALHORN LODGE, No. 83, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (District 12)—Misses J. J. Sullivan; Secretary; Miss G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—David Franklin, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. B. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett Gorlow, Recorder. Meets First Friday.

CLAN McLEON, No. 161—Robert B. Munro, chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Annual Visitation.

Malbone Lodge, No. 83, New England Order of Protection, held its annual meeting Thursday evening, at which time an official visitation was made by Grand Warden Daniel E. Sullivan of Riverpoint, accompanied by the following grand officers: William F. Worrall, Grand Vice Warden, of Woonsocket; John H. Stone, Junior Past Warden, of Providence; Stephen G. Gowdy, Grand Guide, of Providence; Mrs. Perry, Grand Guardian, of Providence, and Miss Perry, Grand Sentinel, of Providence. There were also present a delegation from Marlboro Lodge of Tiverton, among the number being Mrs. Addie Gray, Deputy Grand Warden; Edward P. Hinckley, Warden, and George R. Lawton, Past Warden. After the business session of the order, short addresses were made by the visitors. Then followed an entertainment, the first number on the program being a violin solo, "Romance," by Mrs. Alta H. Crandall, with Miss Carrie B. Simpson accompanist, after which Miss Simpson sang a number of selections, including "Dreaming." Miss Crandall was heard in a monologue, "If and my Father-In-Law." All the numbers were heartily applauded and each was obliged to respond to an encore. At the close of this part of the program a collation was served by E. H. Wiswell of the new Perry House, consisting of salad, rolls, ice cream, cake and coffee, and a social hour enjoyed by all present. The evening proved a most enjoyable one not only to the members of Malbone Lodge, but also to the visitors.

The committee in charge of the evening's entertainment consisted of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Tew, Mrs. Edna A. MacDonald, Mr. Richard B. Scott and Mr. Charles S. Goddard.

State Teachers.

The State teachers Institute has been in session in Providence since Thursday and has been largely attended by the teachers from this section of the State. At the annual meeting and dinner of the Grammar Masters Association held on Thursday Dudley P. Campbell of this city was elected President and complimentary resolutions were passed in regard to Mr. Henry W. Clarke of this city who is now in his 58th year as an instructor of youth, a record surpassed by but few educators in this country.

Dead Body Found.

The body of Miss Frances Gardner of England was found on the shore at Jamestown last Sunday afternoon by a man who was taking pictures there. The medical examiner was notified and an investigation was at once begun. There was at first considerable difficulty in identifying the body, but it was finally decided that it was that of a woman who registered at the Perry House last week. There was a small sum of money found on the body. Later relatives in Brooklyn, N. Y., where the woman had been visiting, sent word to the Newport police to learn if she was in this city and they were informed of her death. It is supposed that she fell from the Enterprise Line steamer while on her way from Newport to New York. She was elderly and rather feeble. She had arrived in this country from England only a few weeks before her death. The remains were taken to Brooklyn by her relatives.

At the annual meeting of the committee of management of the Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. on Thursday evening, Secretary William Garrison tendered his resignation, to take effect on December 15, in order that he may go to the Philippines to take up the work there. Mr. Garrison has been in charge of the local branch for a number of years and is very popular both with the cultured men and with the citizens of Newport. His departure will be greatly regretted.

Mrs. Joseph W. Albro (Miss Sidonia R. Crandall), who recently resigned her position in the city clerk's office, sever her relations to that office today. Next Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Albro start from New York en route to Los Angeles, California, where they will reside.

Miss Emily Lyman Hazard passed her eighty-ninth birthday at her home on Broadway on Wednesday. She was the recipient of many congratulations and best wishes.

At a meeting of Washington Commandery held Wednesday Thatcher T. Bowler was chosen recorder in the place of David Stevens deceased.

New City Clerk.

There was a special meeting of the representative council on Friday evening of last week for the purpose of electing a city clerk to fill the vacancy caused by the death of David Stevens. In spite of the short notice given of the meeting there was a large majority of the members of the council present. There was a sharp competition for the office, but Francis N. Fullerton, who has been deputy city clerk for several years, was elected on the first ballot.

After the meeting had been called to order by Chairman Sheffield, Mr. Fullerton was elected temporary clerk. The chairman announced the death of City Clerk Stevens and called for nominations to fill the vacancy. The result of the first ballot was as follows:

Whole number of votes, 166; necessary to a choice, 84; F. N. Fullerton, 66;

Duncan A. Hazard, 53; Arthur B. Commerford, 23; Fred M. Hammett, 2.

Resolutions on the death of David Stevens were adopted and a committee of five was appointed to take action regarding the funeral.

A resolution for the collection of a poll tax was adopted, and also a resolution directing the board of aldermen to inquire into and report some proposition looking to the establishing of some industry in the city of Newport. Out of respect to the memory of the late city clerk the board then adjourned to meet on November 11 at 7:30 p. m. Governor Higgins was present and addressed the council after the motion to adjourn was passed.

David Stevens' Funeral.

Funeral services for City Clerk David Stevens were held from his late residence on Broadway on Sunday afternoon and were attended by an immense gathering. Rev. William Safford Jones officiated. The remains were escorted to the grave in the Island Cemetery by a line made up of Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., headed by the Newport Military Band; the board of aldermen, representative council and city officials, Coronet Council, No. 63, Royal Arcanum; St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. & A. M.; The Masonic ritual was conducted at the grave by the officers of the lodge. There was a wealth of floral tributes.

The honorary bearers were Past Grand Commander John P. Sanborn, Past Commanders Thomas J. Petrie and Duncan McLean, Sir William J. Cozzens, Past Masters Thomas P. Peckham and Frank E. Thompson, Mayor William P. Clarke and Mr. Thomas Burlingham. The under bearers were Elmer E. Nickerson, Charles Schoeneman, W. Ayraut Ward, John D. Dickson, Wallace C. Martland, and Frank W. Putnam.

The report of Trustee Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 416; number due for illness and other causes, 885; number of cases of truancy (public 36; parochial, 15, 6); number of different children truant, 89; number found not attending school, 47; number sent to public schools, 23; number sent to parochial schools, 13; number of certificates issued to children over 15 years of age, under the new law, 8.

I recommend the prosecution of

Malachi L. Regan, 23 Golden Hill street, who is an habitual school offender; also Marco Pasqualetti, Walker's wharf, for not attending school according to law.

A number of changes were made in the teaching force. The resignation of

Miss Katherine S. Burdick of the Carney School was accepted. Miss H. E. Fales of the Coggeshall School was given sick leave until January and Miss S. G. Fales was made temporary principal. The resignation of Miss Louise B. Barker of the Clarke school was accepted. Miss Fanny F. Jordan was make an assistant at \$333 a year.

The usual resolution in regard to the evening schools was passed. The schools will open on Monday evening, October 21, for 20 weeks on Mondays, Wednesday and Fridays, the teachers being Harry Alger, Jeannette H. Swasey, Mary L. Brayton, Mary A. E. Adams, Lillian J. Trager and Elizabeth B. Peckham, at \$5 per week, with the exception of Miss Swasey and Mr. Alger—Miss Swasey to receive \$6 per week and Mr. Alger \$9 per week.

The mechanical drawing and double-

entry book-keeping classes will meet on

Mondays and Fridays, Dudley E. Campbell to teach the former and William S. Brownell the latter. The freehand drawing class will meet Wednesday evenings under Lulu Z. Rodger, and the class in stenography and typewriting Mauds and Fridays under Grace M. Conimau.

The special committee on the Edward-Farewell School reported as follows:

To the Honorable Public School Committee:

The special committee appointed to

consider the needs of Edward-Farewell

district, and to formulate a general

statement of the kind of building re-

quired and its probable cost, submits

the following report and resolution for

your consideration and recommends

that they be transmitted to the Rep-

resentative Council.

The School Committee respectfully

calls the attention of the Representative

Council to the need of a new

schoolhouse on the Edward-Farewell

street was erected in 1832 and that on

Edward street in 1860. Both are heat-

ed by stoves, one has no cellar, neither

one has a ventilating system, and the

sanitaries are in a third building not

connected with either of the two houses.

The engagement is announced of

Miss Elsie Warner Thomas, daughter

of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Thomas,

of Brockton, Mass., to Mr. Ralph P.

Rogers of this city. The wedding will

take place on November 2d.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Cottrell

and family were among the passengers

who arrived in New York on Tuesday

on the steamship Oscar II from Co-

nnecticut.

Straw rides have been much in evi-

dence the past week, the young people

making the most of the beautiful moonlight nights.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Peckham are

enjoying their annual vacation.

Superior Court.

The second week of the October session of the Superior Court for Newport County has been a rather busy one, several jury trials being held. On Monday the Block Island case against Jeremiah B. Allen for defacing a building belonging to John C. and C. E. Chapman was put on and was heard at considerable length. This was the case that was heard in the District Court last fall, in which the defendants are alleged to have had a "rough house" at the New Harbor Pavilion. After the case had been heard at considerable length an agreement was reached between counsel and the case was discontinued on payment of costs. The same action was taken in the other similar cases against Block Island defendants.

On Tuesday the case brought by the barbers commission against Joseph Bacardi for practicing as a barber without a license was put on. Members of the commission testified that he was found working in a Newport shop and that he had no license as required by law.

For the defense it was claimed that he was simply an apprentice and had not arrived at the stage of a journeyman barber. The jury was out about an hour and late in the afternoon returned a verdict of not guilty.

The case against A. W. Aldred was put on in the afternoon. This was a complaint for violation of an order of the board of health. Col. Sheffield for the defendant moved for a dismissal of the case on the ground that the complaint was not made in sufficiently specific form. There was an argument by counsel and the court dismissed the case.

On Wednesday the case of Amelia P. Manchester vs. Wilbur & Manchester was given to a jury. Clark Burdick for the plaintiff and Judge Franklin for the defendant. This was a suit to recover on notes signed by William F. Wilbur for the firm of Wilbur & Manchester. The plaintiff claimed that Mr. Wilbur had borrowed money from her for the firm and had given her notes bearing the signature of the firm as security. For the defense it was claimed that the obligation was a personal debt of the late Mr. Wilbur as the money had not been used for the firm. The court ruled that the plaintiff was not required to follow up the money and discover to what use it was put if she knew it in good faith and received the firm's signature to the notes. The verdict was for the plaintiff for the full amount asked, \$55,000, which should enable this board to meet all its needs for the remainder of the year.

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To the Honorable Public School Committee:

The special committee appointed to

consider the needs of Edward-Farewell

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH,

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CHAPTER XII.

GLENISTER had said that the Judge would not dare to disobey the mandate of the circuit court of appeals, but he was wrong. Application was made for orders directing the enforcement of the writs which would have restored possession of the Midas to its owners as well as possession of the treasure in bank, but Stillman refused to grant them.

Wheaton called a meeting of the Swedes and their attorneys, advising a junction of forces. Dextry, who had returned from the mountains, was present. When they had finished their discussion, he said:

"It seems like I can always fight better when I know what the other fellow's game is. I'm going to spy on that outfit."

"We've had detectives at work for weeks," said the lawyer for the Scanadians, "but they can't find out anything we don't know already."

Dextry said no more, but that night found him busied in the building adjoining the one wherein McNamara had his office. He had rented a back room on the top floor, and with the help of his partner sawed through the ceiling into the loft and found his way thence to the roof through a hatchway. Fortunately, there was but little space between the two buildings, and furthermore each boasted the square fronts common in mining camps which projected high enough to prevent observation from across the way. Thus he was enabled, without discovery, to gain the roof adjoining and to cut through into the loft. He crept cautiously in through the opening, and out upon a floor of joists sealed on the lower side, then lit a candle, and locating McNamara's office, cut a peephole so that by lying flat on the timbers he could observe a considerable portion of the room beneath. Here, early the following morning, he camped with the patience of an Indian, emerging in the still of that night stiff, hungry and atrociously cross. Meanwhile, there had been another meeting of the mine owners, and it had been decided to send Wheaton, properly armed with affidavits and transcripts of certain court records, back to San Francisco on the return trip of the Santa Maria, which had arrived in port. He was to institute proceedings for contempt of court, and it was hoped that by extraordinary effort he could gain quick action.

At daybreak Dextry returned to his post, and it was midnight before he crawled from his hiding place to see the lawyer and Glenister.

"They have had a spy on you all day, Wheaton," he began, "and they know you're going out to the States. You'll be arrested tomorrow morning before breakfast."

"Arrested! What for?"

"I don't just remember what the crime is—bigamy, or mayhem, or adultery or treason, or something. Anyway, they'll get you in jail, and that's all they want. They think you're the only lawyer that's wise enough to cause trouble and the only one they can't bribe."

"Lord! What'll I do? They'll watch every lighter that leaves the beach, and if they don't catch me that way they'll search the ship."

"I've thought it all out," said the old man, to whom obstruction acted as a stimulant.

"Yes; but how?"

"Leave it to me. Get your things together and be ready to duck in two hours."

"I tell you they'll search the Santa Maria from stem to stern," protested the lawyer, but Dextry had gone.

"Better do as he says. His schemes are good ones," recommended Glenister, and according to the lawyer made preparation.

In the meantime the old prospector had begun at the end of Front street to make a systematic search of the gambling houses. Although it was very late, they were running noisy, and at last he found the man he wanted playing black jack, the smell of tar in his clothes, the tilt of the set in his boisterous laughter. Dextry drew him aside.

"Mac, there's only two things about you that's any good—your silence and your seamanship. Otherwise you're a disreputable, drunken insect."

The sailor grunted.

"What is it you want now? If it's concerning money or business of the growing up side of life, run along and don't disturb the entourage of a sailor-man. If it's a fight, tuncome get my back."

"I want you to wake up your fireman and have steam on the tug to an hour, then wait for me below the bridge. You're chartered for twenty-four hours, and remember, not a word."

"I'm on! Compared to me the spunks of Egypt is as talkative as a phonograph."

The old man turned his steps to the Northern theater. The performance was still in progress, and he located the man he was hunting without difficulty.

Ascending the stairs, he knocked at the door of one of the boxes and called for Captain Stephens.

"I'm glad I found you, cap," said he. "I saved me a trip out to your ship in the dark."

"What's the matter?"

Dextry drew him to an isolated corner. "Me an' my partner want to send a man to the States with you."

"All right."

"Well—er—he's the point," hesitated the milner, who rebelled at asking favors. "He's out law sharp, an' the McNamara outfit is tryin' to put the steel on him."

"I don't understand."

"Why, they've swore out a warrant an' aim to guard the shore tomorrow. We want you to—"

"My lawyer. I'm not looking for trou-

ble. I get enough in my own business."

"But, see here," argued the other, "we've got to send him so he can make a powwow to the big legal smoke in Frisco. We've been cold decked with a bum judge. They've got us into a corner an' over the ropes."

"I'm sorry I can't help you, Dextry, but I got mixed up in one of your scrapes and that's plenty."

"This ain't no stowaway. There's no danger to you," began Dextry, but the officer interrupted him:

"There's no need of arguing. I won't do it."

"Oh, you won't, eh?" said the old man, beginning to lose his temper. "Well, you listen to me for a minute. Everybody in camp knows that me an' the kid is on the square an' that we're gettin' the bunk passed to us. Now, this lawyer party must get away tonight or these grafters will hit the horses to him on some phony charge so he can't get to the upper court. It'll be him to the bird cage for ninety days. He's goin' to the States, though, an' he's goin'—in—your—wagon! I'm talkin' to you—man to man. If you don't take him, I'll go to the health inspector—he's a friend of mine—an' I'll put a crimp in you an' your steamboat. I don't want to do that—it isn't my regular graft by no means—but this bet goes through as she lays. I never belched up a secret before. No, sir. I am the human breath's case watch, an' I won't open my face unless you press me, but if I should, you'll see that it's time for you to hunt a new job. Now, here's my scheme." He outlined his directions to the sailor, who had fallen silent during the warning. When he had done, Stephens said:

"I never had a man talk to me like that before, sir—never. You've taken advantage of me, and under the circumstances I can't refuse. I'll do this thing not because of your threat, but because I heard about your trouble over the Midas and because I can't help admiring your blamed insolence." He went back into his stall.

Dextry returned to Wheaton's office. As he neared it he passed a lounging figure in an adjacent doorway.

"The place is watched," he announced as he entered. "Have you got a back door, Good? Leave your light burning and we'll go out that way." They slipped quietly into an inky, tortuous passage which led back toward Second street. Floundering through alleys and over garbage heaps, by circuitous routes they reached the bridge, where in the swift stream beneath they saw the lights from Mac's tug.

Steam was up, and when the captain had let them aboard Dextry gave him instructions, to which he nodded acquiescence. They bade the lawyer adieu, and the little craft slipped its moorings, daunted down the current, across the bar and was swallowed up in the darkness to seaward.

"I'll put out Wheaton's light so they'll think he's gone to bed."

"Yes, and at daylight I'll take your place in McNamara's loft," said Glenister. "There will be doings tomorrow when they don't find him."

They returned by the way they had come to the lawyer's room, extinguished his light, went to their own cabin and to bed. At dawn Glenister arose and sought his place above McNamara's office.

To lie stretched at length on a single plank with eye glued to a crack is not a comfortable position, and the watcher thought the hours of the next day would never end. As they dragged wearily past his bones began to ache beyond endurance, yet owing to the flimsy structure of the building he dared not move while the room below was tenanted. In fact, he would not have stirred had he dared, so intense was his interest in the scenes being enacted beneath him.

First had come the marshal, who reported his failure to find Wheaton.

"He left his room some time last night. My men followed him in and saw a light in his window until 2 o'clock this morning. At 7 o'clock we broke in, and he was gone."

"He must have got wind of our plan. Send deputies aboard the Santa Maria. Search her from keel to topmast, and have them watch the beach close or he'll put off in a small boat. You look over the passengers that go aboard yourself. Don't trust any of your men for that, because he may try to slip through disguised. He's liable to make up like a woman. You understand—there's only one ship in port, and—he mustn't get away."

"He won't," said Voorhees, with conviction, and the listener, overhead, smiled grimly to himself, for at that moment, twenty miles offshore, lay Mac's little tug, hovering in the track of the outgoing steamer, and in her hull sat Bill Wheaton eating breakfast.

As the morning wore by with no news of the lawyer, McNamara's impatience grew. At noon the marshal returned with a report that the passengers were all aboard and the ship about to clear.

"By heavens! He's slipped through you!" stormed the politician.

"No, he hasn't. He may be hidden aboard somewhere among the coal bunkers, but I think he's still ashore and aiming to make a quick run just before she sails. He hasn't left the beach since daylight, that's sure. I'm going out to the ship now with four men and search her again. If we don't bring him off, you can bet he's lying out somewhere in town, and we'll get him later. I've stationed men along the shore for two miles."

"I won't have him get away. If he should reach Frisco—Tell your men I'll give \$500 to the one that finds him."

Three hours later Voorhees returned. "She sailed without him."

The politician cursed. "I don't believe it. He tricked you. I know he did."

Glenister gulped into a half eaten sandwich, then turned upon his back and lay thus on the plank, identifying the speakers below by their voices.

He kept his post all day. Later in the evening he heard Struve enter. The man had been drinking.

"So he got away, eh?" he began. "I was afraid he would. Smart fellow, that Wheaton."

"He didn't get away," said McNamara. "He's in town yet. Just let me lead him in, tell him what I want him to do."

"My lawyer. I'm not looking for trou-

ble him till snow flies." Struve sank into a chair and lit a cigarette with wavering hand.

"This is hell of a game, ain't it, Mac? D' you s'pose we'll win?"

The man overhead picked up his ears.

"Whoo! Aren't we won'ting? What do you call this? I only hope we can by hands on Wheaton. He knows things. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, but more's worse. Lord! If only I had a man for judge in place of Stillman! I don't know why I brought him."

"That's right. Too weak. He hasn't got the backbone of an anglerworm. He ain't half the man that his niece is. There's a girl for you! Say, what'd we do without her, eh? She's a pippin!" Glenister felt a sudden tightening of every muscle. What right had that man's liquor sodden lips to speak so of him?

"She's a brave little woman all right. Just look how she worked Glenister and his fool partner. It took nerve to bring in those instructions of yours alone, and if it hadn't been for her we'd never have won like this. It makes me laugh to think of those two men stowing her away in their state room while they slept between decks with the sheep, and her with the papers in her bosom all the time. Then, when we got ready to do business, why, she up and talks them into giving us possession of their mine without a fight. That's what I call reciprocating a man's affection."

Glenister's nails cut into his flesh, while his face went livid at the words. He could not grasp it at once. It made him sick—physically sick—and for many moments he strove blindly to beat back the hideous suspicion, the horror that the lawyer had aroused. He was not a doubling disposition, and to him the girl had seemed as one pure, mysterious, apart, angelically incapable of deceit. He had loved her, feeling that some day she would return his affection without fail. In her great, unclouded eyes he had found no lurking place for double dealing. Now—God! It couldn't be that all the time she had known!

He had lost a part of the lawyer's speech, but peered through his observation hole again.

McNamara was at the window gazing out into the dark street, his back toward the lawyer, who lolled in the chair, babbling garrulously of the girl. Glenister ground his teeth—a frenzy possessed him to loose his anger, to rip through the frail ceiling with naked hands and fall vindictively upon the two men.

"She looked good to me the first time I saw her," continued Struve. He paused, and when he spoke again a change had coarsened his features. "Say, I'm crazy about her, Mac. I tell you, I'm crazy—and she likes me—I know she does—or, anyway, she would."

"Do you mean that you're in love with her?" asked the man at the window without shifting his position. It seemed that utter indifference was in his question, although where the light shone on his face he had a glint of interest.

"Love her? Well—that depends—but! You know how it is," he chuckled coarsely. His face was gross and bestial.

"I've got the judge where I want him, and I'll have her."

His miserable words died with a gurgle, and throttled him where he sat, pinning him to the wall. Glenister saw the big politician shift his fingers slightly on Struve's throat and then drop his left hand to his side, holding his victim writhing and helpless with his right despite the man's frantic struggles.

McNamara's head was thrust forward from his shoulders, peering into the lawyer's face. Struve tore ineffectually at the front arm which was squeezing his life out, while for endless minutes the other leaned his weight against him, his idle hand behind his back, his legs braced like stone columns as he watched his victim's struggles abate.

Struve fought and writhed while his breath caught in his throat with horrid, sickening sounds, but gradually his eyes rolled farther and farther back till they stared out of his blackened visage, straight up toward the ceiling, toward the hole through which Glenister peered. His struggles lessened, his chin sagged, and his tongue protruded, then he sat loose and still. The politician lunged him out into the room so that he fell limply upon his face, then stood watching him. Finally, McNamara passed out of the watcher's vision, returning with a water bucket. With his foot he rolled the unconscious wretch upon his back, then drenched him. Replenishing the pail, he seated himself, lit a cigar and watched the return of life into his victim. He made no move, even to drag him from the pool in which he lay.

"Well, what is it? Go on. You're good at W. G. T. U. talk. Virtue becomes you."

"It's something about that girl," the woman said, with quiet conviction. "She's double crossed you."

"Well, we has, but what of it? I'm thirsty. She's going to marry McNamara. I've been a fool." He ground his teeth and reached for the drink with which the boy had returned.

"McNamara is a crook, but he's a man, and he never drank a drop in his life." The girl said it casually, evenly, but the other stopped the glass half-way to his lips.

"Well, what is it? Go on. You're good at W. G. T. U. talk. Virtue becomes you."

She blushed, but continued: "It simply occurred to me that if you aren't strong enough to handle your own throat, you're not strong enough to beat a man who has mastered his."

Glenister looked at the whisky a moment, then set it back on the tray.

"Bring two lemons," he said, and with a laugh which was half a sob Cherry Malotte leaned forward and kissed him.

"You're too good a man to drink. Now, tell me all about it."

"Oh, it's too long! I've just learned that the girl is in, hand and glove, with the Judge and McNamara—that's all. She's an advance agent—their lookout. She brought in their instructions to Struve and persuaded Dex and me to let them jump our claim. She got us to trust in the law and in her uncle. Yes, she hypnotized my property out of me and gave it to her lover, this wretched politician. Oh, she's smooth, with all her innocence! Why, when she smiles, she makes you glad and good and warm, and her eyes are as honest and clear as mountain pool, but she's wrong—she's wrong—and—great God! how I love her!" He dropped his face into his hands.

"Why did you do that?" he whispered, but the other made no sign. He tried to rise, but his knees relaxed. He staggered and fell. At last he raised his foot and made for the door.

Struve groaned and shuddered, twisted to his side, and at last sat up weakly. In his eyes there was now a great terror, while in place of his drunkenness was only fear and faltness—abject fear of the great bulk that sat and smoked and stared at him so fissily. He felt uncertainly of his throat and groaned again.

"Why did you do that?" he whispered, but the other made no sign. He tried to rise, but his knees relaxed. He staggered and fell. At last he raised his foot and made for the door.

Struve sank into a chair and lit a cigarette with wavering hand.

When she had needled with him for

Then, when his hand was on the knob, McNamara spoke through his teeth, without removing his cigar.

"Don't ever talk about her again. She's going to marry me."

When he was alone, he looked curiously up at the ceiling over his head.

"The rats are thick in this shack," he mused. "Seems to me I heard a whole swarm of them."

A few moments later a figure crept through the hole in the roof of the house next door and thence down into the street. A block ahead was the slow moving form of Attorney Struve. Had a stranger met them both he would not have known which of the two had felt at his throat the clutch of a strangler, for each was drawn and haggard and swayed as he went.

Established by Franklin 1784.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 181
House Telephone 1010**Saturday, October 19, 1907.**

A party that requires the entire police force of a city to maintain order in its own interests is hardly a party that conservative law-abiding citizens will care to trust.

In not a single town in this county outside of Newport has the Democratic party nominated a full Democratic Assembly ticket, and in Portsmouth, Middletown, Little Compton and Tiverton that party has no ticket whatever.

The Democrats have opened their campaign in the State with the ratification meetings in Providence. The Republicans propose to start in next week. A ratification meeting will be held in Infantry Hall next Tuesday evening to be followed by other meetings in all parts of the State. The Republicans propose to wage a vigorous campaign everywhere.

The political situation in Newport is simply a question whether or not the people wish still to have a place on the map of the State; whether they wish a Newport man to be U. S. Senator, or whether they wish the city of Providence to take everything; whether they wish to see George Peabody Wetmore in the United States Senate, where he can be of great service to Newport, or whether they want R. H. I. Goddard selected, who could accomplish nothing for Newport even if he wished to do so. He would be in the minority party, and as such would have no influence whatever in shaping legislation. The election of the Republican General Assembly ticket from this city means the election of Senator Wetmore. The election of the Democratic ticket means his defeat, for without the support of Newport he cannot possibly be elected. This is the situation in a nut-shell, and every voter should look at the greater question involved when he casts his vote on November 6th.

There is a movement on foot to try to induce some manufacturing concern to locate in Newport. This is a very commendable movement and should be encouraged by all citizens. Something in this line must be done soon or Newport will go backward faster than she has for the past few years. We must also have a new and up-to-date hotel, and have it soon. The famous Vanderbilt wedding, which is to come off in December, is to take place in New York. Why? Because no accommodations can be had here for the large number of guests. All the parties concerned wished to have the event take place here and had Newport possessed an up-to-date hotel the entire house would probably have been engaged for the occasion, which would have meant thousands of dollars for Newport. With a hotel that could take care of five hundred guests, at least one hundred big conventions, drawing people from all parts of the country, could be had here next summer.

The Commission appointed in 1897 to revise the Constitution of the State, and whose work was rejected by the Democratic party, say in their report, "It is true that more than half a century has elapsed since it was adopted, but it affirms principles and contains provisions which can never become obsolete." This commission whose work was rejected by the Democratic party was composed of such men as the late Chief Justice Durfee, Chief Justice Steele, and such well known Democrats as Robert H. I. Goddard, the present Democratic would-be U. S. Senator, David S. Baker, Charles E. Gorman, Edwin D. McGuinness and Augustus S. Miller. All of these men unanimously agreed to the draft of a revised Constitution and a Republican General Assembly twice submitted it to the people, and each time the Democratic party openly fought it. This revised Constitution contained every provision that the Democrats claim now to be clamoring for and yet they rejected it and they would reject it again if it were again submitted to their votes.

No New Move.

The Republican Party Always the Party of Progress in this State.

The papers of the State are commenting on the alleged "new move" of the Republican party to declare for "substantiated veto" for the Governor, a larger representation for the cities in the General Assembly and for a bank commissioner, to the State platform. There is nothing new about any of these propositions. They are exactly what the party has advocated for many years. In 1888 the Republican General Assembly submitted to the electors the revised Constitution, which revision had been carefully made by some of the wisest men in the State, among which number were the well known Democrats, Augustus S. Miller and Edwin D. McGuinness, both Democratic mayors of Providence, Charles E. Gorman, a life long Democrat, David H. Baker, and Col. Robert H. I. Goddard, the present Democratic candidate for Senator, all of whom acquiesced in the procedure and signed the report submitted by the Republican majority. This Constitution gave the

Governor the veto power, and the cities a larger representation in the General Assembly, the delegation from the city of Providence being increased from 12 to 25. This Constitution was voted down by the Democrats. Why? Because they knew if they got all they had pretended to desire before, they would have nothing left for a party slogan. The next year the Republicans submitted to the people the same revised Constitution again and it was again defeated by Democratic votes. In 1902 they submitted another amendment to the Constitution, giving the larger cities and towns increased representation in the General Assembly. This was defeated as heretofore by Democratic votes. In 1905 a similar amendment was presented for the fourth time, and again it went down to defeat by Democratic votes. We say by Democratic votes, because in each instance the party machinery was used openly against the amendments. All of which goes to show that the Republican party has seen no "new light," but that it is, as it has always been, ready and willing to take an advanced stand on all of these questions. On the matter of a bank examiner, the General Assembly appointed a competent commission last year to go carefully into the banking laws of the State and report such legislation as they may deem necessary for the better protection of the depositors and make whatever recommendations they may think best. When that report is received this winter the General Assembly will be able to act intelligently and conservatively on the question, and if the Republican party is in the majority the people can rest assured that laws will be passed that will best protect the interests of all.

The Tickets.

The nominations for State officers and members of the General Assembly have now all been made. There are five candidates for most of the State offices. The following is the list:

STATE OFFICERS.

For Governor—Frederick H. Jackson (Rep.), James H. Higgins (Dem.), Louis E. Remington (Pro.), John W. Leach (Soc. Lab.) and William H. Johnston (Soc.).

For Lieutenant Governor—Ralph C. Watrous (Rep.), Charles Simon (Dem.) James G. Case (Pro.), Wm Tibbitts (Soc. Lab.) and James B. Allen (Soc.).

For Secretary of State—Charles P. Bennett (Rep.), Attwater A. Tucker (Dem.), Frederick T. Jenkins (Pro.), John C. Northrop (Soc. Lab.) and John T. Fletcher (Soc.).

For Attorney General—William B. Greenough (Rep.), Edward M. Sullivan (Dem.), Casius Lee Kueeland (Pro.), Thomas F. Herrick (Soc. Lab.) and Frederick W. A. Hunt (Soc.).

For General Treasurer—Walter A. Read (Rep.), John B. Archambault (Dem.), John W. P. King (Pro.), Everett L. Bowers (Soc. Lab.) and Henry E. Thomas (Soc.).

The candidates for General Assembly in Newport County are as follows:

NEWPORT.

For Senator—John P. Sanborn (Rep.) and Andrew K. Quinn (Dem.). For Representatives—Horace N. Hazard, Robert B. Burlingame, Robert S. Franklin and Clark Birdick (Rep.); William S. Hazard, Patrick J. Murphy, Richard B. Scott and William E. Mumford (Dem.).

NEW SHOREHAM.

For Senator—J. Eugene Littlefield (Rep.) and S. Martin Rose (Dem.). For Representative—Ray G. Lewis (Rep.).

MIDDLETON.

For Senator—Charles H. Ward (Rep.) and Abraham A. Brown (Cit. Association). For Representatives—Lionel H. Peady (Rep.) and Frank T. Peckham (Cit. Association).

PORTSMOUTH.

For Senator—Elbridge J. Stoddard (Rep.). For Representative—Henry C. Anthony (Rep.).

JAMESTOWN,

For Senator—William H. Caswell (Rep.) and H. Audley Clarke (Dem.). For Representative—Issac H. Clarke (Rep.).

TIVERTON.

For Senator—George R. Lawton (Rep.), William Frost (Cit.). For Representative—Frank F. Grinnell (Rep.).

LITTLE COMPTON.

For Senator—Philip H. Wilbour (Rep.). For Representative—Roswell B. Burchard (Rep.).

There is no Democratic ticket for Senator in Middletown, Portsmouth, Tiverton and Little Compton, and no Democratic ticket for representatives in New Shoreham, Middletown, Portsmouth, Jamestown, Tiverton and Little Compton.

The President of the Pennsylvania railroad says: "On account of money stringency the Pennsylvania will not go ahead with the extensive improvements planned some time ago for the Pennsylvania lines west, which were to cost over \$30,000,000. For some reason investors feel such a lack of confidence in the situation that they appear unwilling to supply capital for developing railroads or other industries."

The Christian Scientists propose to erect a \$200,000 publishing plant in the Back Bay district, Boston, near their present church edifice. The necessary money will be secured by contributions.

The Democrats have nominated Robert Grieve for Secretary of State in place of Col. Attwater Tucker, who declined to run. Grieve was the secretary to Dr. Garvin when he was governor of the State.

Make Your Plans.

To participate in the autumnal excursion to Boston Thursday, for which round trip tickets are on sale at the low rate of \$1.40 each. Special train leaves Newport at 9:15 a. m., and Boston for return at 7:00 p. m. Participate

Platform and Candidates.

(From the Western Sun.)

It is very evident that Rhode Island Democrats are much disturbed by the position taken by the Republican party in its platform this year, and by the action of Lieutenant Governor Jackson in taking an aggressive position on an important matter without boasting of it or making the noise which sometimes accompanied such an action. But the fact is that the Republican party is not seeking to retain public office by appealing to prejudice or by attempting to frighten away its opponents with noise & in Chinese soldiers of the older time.

The party has taken a position which it believes to be for the welfare of the State, and if it is kept in power on that platform, what it promises will be done if it is not kept in power on that platform, it means more work for those members of the party who have been quietly shaping party sentiment to this end for a number of years. The chief objection that the Democrats have thus far raised to the platform and to the candidates has been that the workers for this new position within the party have not talked about it. They should remember that a broad band is not always the best implement for honest warfare.

The Republican platform is an honest expression of opinion on state issues. It does not appeal to prejudice. It does not promise what there is no intention of doing. It does not drag in a lot of stuff hoping thereby to attract some wandering vote. On the contrary it declares in a plain manner that it will do certain things if the people continue it in power. And the men who have been named as the party candidates, from Mr. Jackson to Mr. Read, are men whose entire lives prove that what the party has promised they will help it to make real. It is not necessary to do a lot of noisy blustering to convince the public of the sincerity of these men.

Middletown.

Convenient Grange, Jamestown, entertained on Tuesday the Newport County Pomona Grange No. 4, patrons of Hudson, at their town hall, which had been decorated for the occasion with large American flags and streamers of crepe paper. The guests were received by Worthy Master John E. Hammond of the Jamestown Grange and his wife, Worthy Lecturer Mrs. Hammond. The morning session was devoted to a business session with Worthy Master Warren R. Sherman of Portsmouth presiding. At its adjournment refreshments were served by the ladies of Convenient Grange. The afternoon session, which opened at 1:45, was in the hands of the lecturer, Mrs. E. A. Peckham of Middletown. The topic of the afternoon was, "Glimpses at some of the wonders of the presentage." This consisted of condensed articles presented by members of the various local granges upon the subjects, "Electricity," and "Luther Burbank's unique work in creating new forms of plant life."

The program was to have included also "The Romance of Modern Mechanism," which was omitted for lack of time. The musical portion of the program included Grange songs and vocal duets by Mr. Myron F. Corey and Mrs. Edward J. Corey of Tiverton. The James-town orchestra being unable to play as was expected. Among the guests of the Grange were Dr. Howard Edwards of Kingston College, Mrs. Hattie Voelker of Arnold's Mills, Mrs. "Pomona" officer of the State Grange, Mrs. Whipple, a former "Ceres" of the State Grange of Cumberland Hill, Mrs. McElroy of Arnold's Mills and Mr. Arthur S. Child of New York, formerly of Newport, who added greatly to the interest of the occasion by short speeches and pleasing remarks. Pomona Grange will hold its next regular meeting with Portsmouth Grange on December 17, when there will be the annual election of officers. The Lecturer's topic for this meeting will be, "What shall be done with the farmer's boys? Is it always wise to attempt to make farmers of them?"

The Peabody School has recently received a fine new flag staff and handsome flag which are a great addition to the school yard.

Sunday will be observed as Missionary Day at the Methodist Episcopal Church and in the evening, the pastor, the Rev. H. H. Critchlow, will read an original story entitled, "Called to succeed."

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society met on Thursday afternoon with Mrs. H. H. Critchlow at the parsonage, taking up the subject, "China—a great race with a great inheritance."

"Lazy Lawn," the summer home of Miss Frances Arnold on 3d Beach Road, closed for the season. Miss Arnold having left on Friday for West Chester, Penn., where she will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Arthur Rogers and family.

Quite a number of new cottages are being erected in various parts of the town.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

Patrick Breese, aged 15, was found dead beside the tracks just outside the Union station at Worcester, Mass.

Walter Bending, aged 34, of Manchester, Eng., a sailor, was struck and killed by a train at Boston.

Benjamin Anthony, aged 73, a car inspector, was struck by a freight car at Taunton, Mass., and had both legs cut off. He died soon after.

Samuel W. Spence, aged 24, was killed by a fall of 100 feet from the top of gasometer of the Worcester (Mass.) Gaslight company.

Over \$250,000 of public bequests was disclosed by the filing for probate of the will of Miss Florence Lyman of Boston, who died Oct. 5. Miss Lyman was well known figure in Boston and Newport social circles.

The Mohican Water company of Fairfield, Conn., which has been adjudged bankrupt, reports liabilities of \$165,000.

George M. Sherman, aged 63, a farmer of Rehoboth, Mass., was killed by falling under the heels of a pair of horses which he was driving. The animals started quickly, unseating Sherman.

In a fire at the stables of the Readville (Mass.) Trotting association one valuable trotting mare was burned to death, while several other blooded horses were rescued from the flames with extreme difficulty.

A large barn connected with the summer home of T. E. Byrnes, vice president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, at Colchester, Mass., was burned to the ground. The loss is \$10,000.

Washington Matters.

Secretary Taft's Visit to China is Expected to Accomplish Much Good—Proposition to Transfer the Coast Artillery to the Navy Department—More about the Fairbanks' Cocktail—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent)
Washington, D. C., Oct. 18, 1907.

In administration circles the opinion prevails that there is no doubt that Secretary Taft's visit to China will increase the cordial relations between China and the United States and add to the prestige of American trade in the Orient. The Chinese press and people seem convinced at last that this country has no desire to annex any part of their territory and that the American people desire China's progress in the development of her resources and in the welfare of her people, and the cordial sentiment of the Chinese government toward the United States is held to be our most star added to the Roosevelt Brimstone.

Great interest has been aroused, not only in military but also in civilian circles, by the discovery that Army officers are again thinking seriously of the advisability of transferring the Coast Artillery from the War to the Navy Department, and have presented to the Secretary of War arguments which, whether or not convincing, have at least led him to suggest to General Murray, Chief of Artillery, the advisability of drawing a bill providing for such transfer.

While army officers are very anxious to get rid of this branch of the service and would like to see all expenditures for fortifications and maintenance of the Coast Artillery charged by Congress and by the public to the navy, the transfer cannot be consummated, presumably, without the sanction of the Secretary of the Navy and the Staff officers of that department and there is every indication that they will receive the scheme with wholesale condemnation. Moreover, the difficulties involved in the preparation of a bill providing for such transfer are far more numerous than Mr. Taft appreciated, or else his suggestion that such a measure be drafted was merely another demonstration of the kindly shrewdness he is not infrequently exhibits in compelling his friends to prove to themselves that the schemes they have recommended to him with the utmost fervor and enthusiasm are by no means practicable.

While this subject seems likely to be debated with great earnestness until the arguments to be presented on each side of the question have been exhausted, there is not after all much expectation that action by either the President or the Secretary of War will result.

This past week the National Association of Railway Commissioners have been presenting arguments for the necessity of their continued existence in their annual session in Washington. They have put themselves on record as opposed to the views of the President for Federal control of railways doing an interstate business, and have declared for an extension of the powers of the Commission instead of any curtailment thereof.

The announcement, recently expressed by Mr. Wakeman, Secretary of the American Protective Tariff League,

over the extent of the sentiment for tariff revision throughout the country,

is a source of alarm to those

politicians and officials in Washington who have, this past summer, taken the revision pulse of the country. The desire for a revision of our tariff schedules is so universal that it is regarded as a demand by the intelligent politicians.

The much-talked-of Horseman's Test has passed into the "things that were," and the honor of the staff officers of our army has been vindicated. While there was a fair sprinkling of rotundity in the column, it was clearly demonstrated that the term "fat colonels" which has been applied to them recently is a misnomer. The outfit was distinctly popular with most of the officers and many of them have suggested the advisability of taking such rides at weekly intervals for the good of the men stationed in Washington whose work is so sedentary as to put them for sudden emergency fitting.

Much regret is felt in Washington over the unfortunate turn the "cocktail" incident of Vice-President Fairbanks' reception to the President has given by some of his misguided friends. It is believed that Mr. Fairbanks will heartily disapprove of the article appearing in the recent issue of a religious organ, in which the onus for this much-advertised affair is placed on a woman friend of the family assisting them in their preparations for the reception. Mr. Fairbanks' entertainments in Washington, throughout the social season, are numerous and conducted on a magnificient scale, and wines are served at his dinners, and punches are served at his receptions, as they are at the establishments of all well-regulated official and society-folk the world over. This is a well-known fact, and why such numerous and varied excuses should be offered by his friends for his hospitality in this particular instance is not apparent. Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks are famous in official and social circles for their generous and cordial hospitality, and no one heretofore has presumed to criticize the nature of the refreshment served by this kindly host and hostess.

The Keep Commission has sent in its report to the President and it is the opinion of the Commission that the higher grades of public officials—such as heads of divisions and technicians—are much underpaid, compared with those in the same grade of work in private business. It is the opinion of this committee, also, that while the merit system is working to prevent jobbery in appointments, favoritism in promotion is rather the rule than the exception in the clerical grades.

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38 PERSONS DEAD

**Lowest Estimate of Fatalities
In the Fontanet Explosion**

AT LEAST 600 INJURED

**Once Thriving Town Reduced to
Wreckage by Explosion of Powder
Mills--School Buildings Two Miles
Distant Destroyed by the Shock**

Fountain, Ind., Oct. 17.—Thirty-eight lives snuffed out, 600 persons injured, of which number 50 are seriously hurt, and a property loss of approximately \$750,000 is the latest estimate of the destruction wrought by the explosion at the Dupont powder mills.

From a workman employed in the glazing mill it was learned that a "hot box," from which sparks were transmitted to some house powder, was in all probability the cause of the catastrophe. The employee, whose name is William Sherrow, and who is dangerously hurt as the result of the explosion, said:

"The explosion was caused by loose boxing on the shaft. The day before this explosion we had to throw water on it when it became too hot. This time it got too hot, and sent off sparks." The town is now under martial law, two companies of state troops being in full control.

The town is practically wiped out. Not a building stands intact and throughout the day fires kindled in the ruins cost the lives of several persons who were buried in the wreckage.

Where stood a thriving and busy town of 1000 people there is ruin and scattered wreckage. The dead and more seriously injured have been taken away. Five hundred inhabitants, all more or less wounded, remain to gather their scattered household goods and sleep under tents and on cots, guarded by soldiers of the state.

Without warning, the powder mills, seven in number, blew up Tuesday. They employed 200 men, and of these 75 were at work when the first explosion occurred in the press mill. In quick succession the glazing mill, the two cutting mills and the powder magazine blew up, followed by the cap mill. In the magazine, situated several hundred yards from the mills, were stored 40,000 kegs of powder. When it blew up the concussion was felt nearly 200 miles away.

Farmhouses two miles away and schoolhouses equally distant were torn to pieces and their occupants injured. A passenger train four miles away had every coach window broken and several passengers were injured by flying glass.

The mills went up with three distinct explosions, followed 90 minutes later by a fourth, even more serious than the others, when the magazine went up. Immediately following the explosions the wreckage caught fire and the inhabitants of the town, who rushed to the rescue of the mill employees found themselves powerless to aid those burning in the ruins.

They worked frantically, in constant danger from possible succeeding explosions, uninjured or of their ruined homes. Dead and dying were picked up and collected. Eighteen bodies, burned and mangled, were carted to a protected spot to await identification, while the badly injured, numbering upward of 50, were put on a special train and taken to Terre Haute for hospital treatment.

Nearly all of the 1000 inhabitants carried blood on their hands and faces from their own wounds or those of others whom they assisted.

The mills were located one mile south of the town. With the first explosion the employees ran for safety, but most of them were killed or wounded by the quickly following explosions in the other mills. When the heat from the burning mills exploded the giant powder magazine, later, practically destroying the town by the concussion, many of those engaged in rescue work were badly injured and several killed.

Superintendent Mountain of the plant was killed while sitting in the office, and his wife and sister-in-law were killed in their home some distance away. That the death list is not far greater is due to the fact that the people of the town had left their houses at the first explosion and were not in them when the explosion of the 40,000 kegs of powder in the magazine shattered their homes and piled their household goods in heaps of debris.

Among the buildings totally destroyed in this town were the Methodist and Christian churches, the depot, all business blocks, including a large block just completed, a large warehouse and 500 residences.

The fronts and sides of many were blown away, the roofs of others were hurled into space, while some were reduced to a mass of collapsed wreckage.

Three school buildings were destroyed, two at Fountain and one at Coal Bluff, two miles away. All were filled with school children and every one of these were more or less injured by the collapse of the buildings.

The force of the explosion destroyed all telephone communication with outside towns, and it was with great difficulty that old was summoned.

Offering of \$85,025

New York, Oct. 14.—The annual missionary offering subscribed yesterday, the closing day of the Christian and Missionary Alliance convention, amounted to \$85,625. President Simpson of the alliance preached the missionary sermon.

Held Up by Trio of Thieves

Hartford, Oct. 14.—Held up at the point of a revolver, Mrs. John J. Carroll was compelled to stand by and see her flat ransacked by three strangers, who got into the apartment, where Mrs. Carroll was alone with two small children, on the pretext that they had come for the luggage of her brother-in-law, Patrick Phelan.

LEGISLATIVE MILK INQUIRY**Governor Guild Favors Commission
With Plenary Powers**

Boston, Oct. 18.—The price of milk to the consumer will remain at 9 cents a quart until the next legislature convenes, as far as any legislative or executive action looking toward a reduction in price is concerned.

Governor Guild will, if he deems it necessary, following a conference with a committee of milk producers at the state house, request the incoming legislature for a commission of three with plenary powers to go further into the milk situation.

This was the executive decision arrived at last night, following the representations of the committee regarding the production and inspection of milk.

The governor's position was based on the ruling by Attorney General Malone that the governor had no authority under the law to appoint a commission with power to summon witnesses and examine books until he had been invested with such power by the next legislature.

Philippines Not Yet Fit to Govern

Manila, Oct. 17.—Secretary Taft formally opened the Philippine assembly here yesterday. In his opening address, Taft declared that his views announced two years ago regarding the independence of the Philippine people were unchanged. He did not believe that they would be fitted to govern themselves for at least a generation. The secretary denied that the United States had any intention of disposing of the islands. He refrained from making any specific suggestion regarding legislation on the part of the Philippine assembly.

Speed Brings Profit to Steamers

Washington, Oct. 18.—By reason of their speed, the new Cunarders, the Lusitania and Mauretania, will receive from the United States government from \$4000 to \$6000 every time they leave New York for carrying first-class mail destined to Europe. An order to this effect has been issued by the postoffice department. No contract to this effect is necessary, as the rate to be paid—35 cents a pound—is fixed by international arrangement between the postal authorities of America and Europe.

Earthquake Not Located

Washington, Oct. 18.—Official statements regarding the violent earthquake recorded Wednesday and followed by a disturbance of less magnitude yesterday indicate that the earthquake occurred at some point between 3000 and 5000 miles away, varying according to two estimates. The only direction indicated is that the motion was either east or west.

Girl to Be Deported

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 15.—Victor Nelson is wrathy over the treatment accorded Ida Josephine, the 19-year-old daughter of a friend, by government officials, who forcibly took her from his home for New York. The young woman will be deported from that city to her old home in Finland because of an incurable disease with which she is afflicted.

More Preachers Wanted

Cleveland, Oct. 18.—The allurements of commercial life and fear of the "ministerial dead line" in losing their parsonates after middle age are assigned as reasons for the alarming decrease in the number of young men entering the ministry by the Congregational National council. Increased pay for ministers was the only solution suggested.

Voters Apparently Lack Interest

Boston, Oct. 17.—Registration for the state election, which closed at the office of the election commissioners at 10 o'clock last night, showed that there are 110,881 voters in Boston this year as against 112,077 last year, a falling off of 1166. The failing off in the registration is attributed to the lack of interest taken in the state fight.

Countess Mysteriously Missing

Warsaw, Oct. 18.—Countess Zemyska left Biatystok on a train for this city Wednesday, but she disappeared mysteriously on the way hither and there is reason to suspect foul play. Blood-stained garments were found in the compartment occupied by the countess, and it is supposed that she was robbed and murdered.

Wireless Service in Operation

Glace Bay, N. S., Oct. 18.—The inauguration of a regular trans-Atlantic wireless service has been accomplished by William Marconi and his assistants. Marconi states that more than 5000 words were transmitted yesterday between the station at Port More, six miles from here, and the Irish station.

Confesses Stealing \$3500

North Sydney, N. S., Oct. 18.—At the preliminary examination of James S. McDonald, the former manager of the Cape Breton Enterprise, a newspaper, charged with the theft from the post-office of a package containing \$3500, the prisoner pleaded guilty and was committed to the supreme court.

Churches May amalgamate

Cleveland, Oct. 17.—The triennial council of the Congregational church, in session here, by a unanimous vote adopted the report of the committee of 28 on the proposed amalgamation of the Congregationalists, Methodist Protestants and United Brethren churches.

Record Crop of Apples

Halifax, Oct. 18.—Reports from the Annapolis valley indicate that this year's apple crop will approximate 700,000 barrels. This is the largest yield on record here.

Killed by Fall From Cart

West Sutton, Mass., Oct. 17.—Bertram D. Adams, 36, a butcher, was killed here by being thrown from his cart. Adams' horses became unmanageable at the top of a hill and started down at a fast clip, throwing the driver out. It is believed the cart struck rocks in the road, throwing it to one side.

BEHIND THE TIMES**No Progress In Steam Trans-**

portation In New England.

ROADS NOT INFLUENTIAL

**Due to Their Failure to Work To-
gether—Many of Present Rates
Should Be Reduced—Some Advice
From a Prominent Railroad Official**

Boston, Oct. 17.—"New England as a whole has not greatly improved its steam transportation during the past 15 years and is far behind many parts of the country in this respect. Our transportation is in many places local, slow, wasteful and expensive," declared Vice President Byrnes of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad company before the Boston Foot and Shoe club at a banquet here last night.

President Hoag of the club presided and the principal speech of the evening was by Byrnes. Continuing, he said: "No railroad in New England has kept abreast with the demands of present traffic needs, and little or nothing has been done to stimulate new traffic. All our roads are so pushed now with business that it cannot be done efficiently and economically."

"All lines leading from Boston to the west should have four tracks, instead of two. Business cannot be properly handled on the present basis. Even the bridges are not strong enough to hold the modern locomotives, and our road to rebuilding them as fast as possible."

"New England roads, too, have little influence today in shaping the general railroad policy of the country. The trouble with us here in New England is we do not work together; our roads, for whatever reason, do not join in an effective effort to insist upon fair treatment for New England, yet our roads are owned chiefly here."

"Many of the rates are too high and it is important they should be reduced. Rates should be made right and if we do not make them right the railroad commission of Massachusetts should compel us to do so. The day of the arbitrary railroad official is gone."

Mr. Byrnes stated that New England railroads were made up chiefly of junctions and terminals, which tended to allow of freights being sidetracked and that "it is an unimportant junction that does not delay freight 24 hours, and if the truth were known, sometimes many days."

Mr. Byrnes urged that less time be consumed in unloading cars and especially that the home market be more fully developed. The fact that New Englanders did not trade more among themselves was laid to the fault of the railroad service, in part, by Byrnes, because of the lack of co-operating in expediting the movement of freight about local points.

"There are points in Connecticut," said Byrnes, "from which it will take a package 10 days to get to New Hampshire. A competitor in St. Louis can ship the same kind of goods to the same point and beat the local shipper out by almost a week."

New Ship and Crew Lost

Sault Ste Marie, Mich., Oct. 14.—Bound down from the head of the lakes on the second trip she had made since being launched at Lorain, O., on Aug. 17 last the fine steel freighter Cypress, 440 feet long, founded in Lake Superior, taking down with her 22 members of the crew. Second Mate Pitt, washed ashore lashed to a liferaft, is the only person left alive of the ship's people.

Disturbance Under the Sea

New York, Oct. 17.—Inquiry among all of the cable companies failed to disclose any interruption of communication in the two Americas. Those lines which run through the West Indies and to Central and South America were also working smoothly. The quake recorded by various seismographs yesterday probably was an under-ocean disturbance.

Stunt of Army Officers

Burlington, Vt., Oct. 17.—Thirty-seven army officers from various forts took part in a 15-mile horseback ride under the test ordered by President Roosevelt for officers attached to the department of the east. No accidents happened during the ride and there were no unusual incidents, all the riders reaching Fort Ethan Allen in fairly good condition.

Ten Years For Manslaughter

Boston, Oct. 16.—Joseph Mosconi, an Italian, who pleaded guilty to manslaughter in causing the death of Jeremiah J. Crowley, was sentenced to serve not less than 10 or more than 12 years in state prison. Mosconi went to a stable to hire a team. A heated argument arose and Crowley was stabbed.

Confesses Stealing \$3500

North Sydney, N. S., Oct. 18.—At the preliminary examination of James S. McDonald, the former manager of the Cape Breton Enterprise, a newspaper, charged with the theft from the post-office of a package containing \$3500, the prisoner pleaded guilty and was committed to the supreme court.

Churches May amalgamate

Cleveland, Oct. 17.—The triennial council of the Congregational church, in session here, by a unanimous vote adopted the report of the committee of 28 on the proposed amalgamation of the Congregationalists, Methodist Protestants and United Brethren churches.

Record Crop of Apples

Halifax, Oct. 18.—Reports from the Annapolis valley indicate that this year's apple crop will approximate 700,000 barrels. This is the largest yield on record here.

Killed by Fall From Cart

West Sutton, Mass., Oct. 17.—Bertram D. Adams, 36, a butcher, was killed here by being thrown from his cart. Adams' horses became unmanageable at the top of a hill and started down at a fast clip, throwing the driver out. It is believed the cart struck rocks in the road, throwing it to one side.

Was in Love With Chinaman

Boston, Oct. 18.—Because her Chinese lover or husband had disappeared, it is believed, Mrs. Mildred Smith committed suicide by taking strichnina. A bottle which had contained the poison was found beside the body, also a note addressed to a Chinaman. Mrs. Smith was 27 years old and a Hebrew.

PLUNGED INTO DOORYARD**Trolley Car Overturned and Killed
Motorman and Conductor**

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 18.—A trolley car jumped the track at the foot of a steep grade last night and tipped over on its side, crushing and killing the motorman, Lucie T. Randlett, and the conductor, Christopher P. Ferriss. There were no other persons on the car.

It is supposed that the rail was made slippery by fallen leaves and that the motorman was unable to control the speed of the car in descending the hill. The accident occurred at the corner of Oak avenue and Central street, where the track curves. As the car reached that point it bounded from the rails and came to a stop on its side in the doorway of a house. The motorman jumped, but left the car on the site on which it fell and was crushed beneath it. The conductor also was found pinned under the rear of the car.

A car on the same line, and said to have been in charge of the same conductor and motorman, caught fire and was burned yesterday afternoon. No one was injured in that accident, but the property loss is \$1000.

Would Govern Hub by Commission

Boston, Oct. 18.—Government by commission was advocated for Boston at the meeting last night of the Commercial club. Several hundred prominent Boston men were present and stirring addresses on local affairs were delivered. It was claimed that "the present condition of city affairs is disastrous," "the payroll must be reduced," "the city work could be done for \$4,000,000 less expenditure than at present," "5000 of the 20,000 men now employed by the city could be dispensed with," and that the "mayor of Boston is a victim of a system."

May Be Case of Murder

Middletown, Conn., Oct. 18.—Jacob Janusz was arrested last night and held without bail pending an investigation into the death of Stephen Yamamoto, whose body was found floating in Sunbury creek. He was last seen, it is said, in Janusz' company. An autopsy showed that Yamamoto's death was not the result of drowning, but as a consequence of a blow on the head with a blunt instrument.

Proposed Strike and Death Benefit

Providence, Oct. 18.—The proposition of providing for a strike and death benefit, by raising the amount for the per capita tax, was referred to the executive council for action by the United Textile Workers of America. Some of the delegates argued that the proposed action would make the textile worker go into the field of insurance and try to become a competitor of various other benevolent orders.

Fuse Near Scene of Explosion

South Paris, Me., Oct. 18.—Testimony as to the discovery of two pieces of fuse near the scene of the explosion of the dynamite house at the Paris Hill mine was brought out by the state in the trial of Wallace G. Everett, charged with the murder of Edgar L. Radcliffe. This testimony was given by two employees of the mine.

Alleged Post-office Robbers

Boston, Oct. 18.—Bartl Smura and Charles Ederkin, members of the crew of schooner George N. Warner, from Barton, N. S., were placed under arrest here on suspicion that they were concerned in the robbery of the post-office at Plympton, N. S. Both men are said to have confessed. They were ordered deported.

Peter Minen, aged 35, was beheaded

while employed at his work

The New John Singleton.

It was a shame the way Wolbreth had beaten him, and Wolbreth was chewing the bitter end of defeat. His feet were pounding the stone walk with determined, angry regularity, and the fact that he and Singleton looked so much alike but added gaiety to his wounded vanity. He had always declared half mockingly that he was more than Singleton's match, but fate seemed against him, and Singleton won the ears of the directors of the concern where he had failed. He was working for the people; he told himself and Singleton had the backing of the "Bosses." Anyhow, he said that he had been playing heavy odds, and had lost nobly, but the excuse still stung of his defeat.

He wandered about aimlessly, looking for something to divert him and give him a chance to get over his anger but fortune hugged at him and left him alone. His flat clenched suddenly, and he shook it under the nose of a large man who looked up suddenly in front of him. The big man dodged and swore humorously under his breath as he turned and watched the immobile figure in white duster go swiftly down the street. Wolbreth finally consumed most of his anger in exercise and turned his steps toward the New York Central station. He looked at his watch and noted that it was but a few minutes until a train would be due. With aroused curiosity to know if perhaps there was a friend on it, he quickened his steps and elbow'd his way sharply as the crowd grew thicker near the station.

The people watched interestedly as with head held erect and reaching somewhat above those about him he pushed toward the train. At last he found himself standing on the edge of the platform near an empty cab, and he became at once interested in watching those about him. He noticed the cabby first, and seemed to remember having seen him before. This was made a certainty when the man raised his hand in salutation. Wolbreth remembered that he was one that Singleton used very often.

"I'll be right here, Mr. Singleton," called the cabby, and looked straight at Wolbreth.

Wolbreth bobbed his head and looked about for Singleton, at which the cabby appeared simply satisfied, and sank back comfortably into his seat.

Wolbreth was somewhat mystified at this occurrence, as nowhere in the crowd could be seen Mr. Singleton. Anyhow the train came rumbling up just then, and his mind was at once diverted to the passengers. It was only the common place stream of people that hurried out of the cars, and Wolbreth was about to give up his anticipated enjoyment of seeing something of an adventure or a friend. But just as he was beginning to confine his luck to a very unsavory place his eyes caught sight of a dark gray traveling suit, carrying a suit case in one hand and a cloak in the other, come hurrying from the car.

He became interested in a second and, watching her face as she moved down the platform. She kept looking over the throng of faces, as though searching for some one, and when the crowd opened before her and she saw Wolbreth at the end of a very narrow aisle between the people, she gave a little involuntary gesture of relief and immediately came hurrying toward him.

Wolbreth gasped in astonishment as he saw her coming nearer, and he almost felt like turning and running away. He tried to think where he had seen her before, but his thoughts were in open rebellion to his will. With a little sigh of relief he caught sight of a name and initial on her suit case.

He looked up just in time to see her hold out her hand and say, "Just see, Mr. John Singleton, what I have done for daddy."

Wolbreth at this mention of his opponent felt himself for sure in a quandary. Why had she come there to meet Singleton? Why had she mistaken him for the other? Then to a flash he understood. It was the similarity of their looks which had deceived her. But why had she come? There was something he was trying to think of. Suddenly he knew, and he almost repeated it aloud. "It is the girl that is going to elope with Singleton to save her father!" He was a trifle embarrassed as he clasped her hand and welcomed her, but it was an embarrassment that was fast giving way to an overwhelming spirit of recklessness and revenge.

He took her suit case and cloak and hurried into Singleton's carriage. Then shouting his destination to the cabby, he sprang nimbly in and away the cab clattered up the avenue.

As they emerged from the press of the carriages about them, a man rushed up to the place which they had just left, and commenced shouting at the fast-retreating cab. But either his voice was not heard or it was Wolbreth's caution not to stop for anything that caused the cabby to continue on his way. But the man was not to be frustrated easily, and still hallooing vigorously, he cut out on a run after them. Wolbreth heard the noise and glanced behind. With an unflinched expression of humor and anxiety he recognized Singleton, hollered and flushed, sprinting after them as though his life depended on the outcome. Wolbreth opened the trap beside the cabby and said something which made that worthy apply the whip lavishly and soon leave the runner behind, who, before he could score another cab, had lost sight of the fugitives.

The girl was looking at Wolbreth with questioning eyes, and he was quick to explain the incident.

"It's a fellow after me for exceeding the speed limit the other day," he said glibly, and watched with pleasure the amazement that sprang to her rose-red lips.

"So strange," she said complacently, eyeing him innocently with her great blue eyes.

Wolbreth could not decide whether he believed him or not. At any rate, he was too much occupied with plans to carry on his adventure to care.

"Grace," he said, "just think what a treasure I am going to get when I marry you."

"And you," she answered, "just think what a real man I am going to get for my husband!"

He seized his hands in protest. "But I love you so. You are everything to me—my ambition, my life, my love!" He was thinking how he could love this girl—the girl who was his ideal. "Yes," he said to himself, "I could—do love her."

She looked up at him wonderingly. "You have changed, oh, so much, in a week, John. I really do believe that I do love you a little. But," she pouted embarrassed, "I could not marry you now because—because there's pups. And I—I—if I like you, I can't marry you for money!" Her face was crimson with shame as she spoke.

Wolbreth exulted. "But I will help you get rid of your pups."

"Prominent socially?"

"Not hitherto. This affair may help them come."—Washington Herald.

your father anyway, and I am going to marry you, too." He spoke with an air of finality that was most convincing.

"But you aren't like you was. You aren't the same as you used to be."

"Maybe—maybe I ain't the same John Singleton," he said. She glanced at him quickly, a look of fear lurking in her eyes, but his light laugh restored her. "Perhaps," he continued, "you'll like me better than the old John."

"Perhaps," she said, and smiled at him until he fairly longed to make her his.

The cab was still rolling along the street aimlessly enough it seemed, but its occupant had not been conscious of the fact. The girl had been thinking of the strange change in her companion, and he—he had been wondering what the girl's last name was.

"I wrote to you last week, and you never answered my letter," he said, "and as an excuse I blamed the postmaster for not knowing you."

He watched her curiously as her cheeks reddened with excitement. "The postmaster not know the Cary?" Why, John Singleton?" Her glance of rebuke was enough for what she left unsaid, and he eringed just a trifle under it.

Miss Cary? She must be the niece of the Miss Cary in his set, of whom he had heard so much.

Wolbreth commenced searching through his pockets for something. At length he gave an irritated exclamation and turned toward Miss Cary.

"Just think," he said. "I have forgotten our license of marriage."

"Just think," she said, "I have, too, for I would not marry you."

"But you said you liked me."

"Well, I don't care." She looked at him defiantly, as though expecting him to deny what she said.

Wolbreth made a sudden resolve.

"May I make a confession?" he asked.

"Yes," she murmured in a tired voice, looking toward him.

Wolbreth steamed a brisk, business-like manner.

"In the first place, my name is Hugh Wolbreth."

The girl gave a little cry of astonishment. "Not John Singleton? Oh, my, what shall I do?"

"Let me finish," he asked eagerly.

She looked again at his manly face, clear, indomitable eyes fastened upon her, his well-groomed figure, and a sense of confidence came to her. She inclined her head in assent.

Wolbreth started again. "John Singleton and I are political enemies and but yesterday we had a contest with the directors of a big concern. He won by the means of another, and I was defeated in having their support in the campaign. It was just at the time when the first disappointment of defeat had left me that I saw you. And then when you called me Mr. Singleton I knew that you were the girl whom a friend had told me was to be Singleton's bride. I determined to defeat him then and there, because at first sight I knew I wanted you above everything else. So I put you in Singleton's carriage and eloped with you. You see," he continued, after pause, "Singleton and I look a great deal alike, and so I—I deserved you."

The girl was looking at him with an amused smile on her lips. "It's just the kind of a Hugh Wolbreth that Cary has always been writing me about. And," she answered the questioning look in his eyes, "I like him awfully well!"—Farm and Fireside.

Decorative Curtains.

For pretty curtains that are quite as effective as those of muslin or lace and that are not continually in need of the wash-tub and stretching poles get a thin grade of grass cloth, the kind that sells for about twenty cents a yard.

Cut it to hang straight from the top of the window on each side, with a deep hem at the bottom.

Then make a stenciled border across the bottom, or reaching one-half way to the curtain, of a simple design. Apply the color over the design with navy-blue diamond dye. Do not trouble yourself to boll it. Simply mix a spoonful of the dye with water. These curtains will not wash, but they remain clean for a considerable time, and may be easily shaken to free them from dust and pressed with an iron.—N. Y. Mail.

"The elopement is off for the present," said the girl, firmly.

"What's the matter?" asked the young man in the automobile. "I'm here on time, the minister is waiting, your parents have kept their promise not to be in the way. Haven't the reporters showed up?"

"Yes," pouted the girl, "but the old man didn't come."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Now, here," said the enthusiastic real estate agent to the prominent politician, "is one of the most desirable houses in the capital. It has exposure all around."

"Good heavens!" cried the prominent politician, with a start of dismay, "that's just what I'm trying to get away from!"—Baltimore American.

Once at an important function at Marlborough house Sir Francis Knollys came up to the Prince of Wales and remarked, "Some gentlemen of the press wish admission, your royal highness."

"Oh," said the prince, "show them in. If they don't come in at the door, they'll come in at the ventilator."

Mr. Jawback—Let's celebrate our golden wedding.

Mr. Jawback—How silly! We've only been married six years.

Mr. Jawback—That all? How'd I get it into my head it was fifty?—Cleveland Leader.

She—"I see that the price of whale bone has risen in one hundred years from \$150 to \$1,500 per ton."

He—"That looks very much as if somebody was being squeezed!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Ruggles (the bookkeeper)—I'm more than half sick with the hay fever.

Ramage (the cashier)—That's bad. You ought to go to some place where you would be sure of finding frost.

Ruggles—I'll do it, Rudge. I'll go this infinite and ask the old man for a raise in salary.—Chicago Tribune.

Mamma, can I go to bed an hour earlier than usual to-night?

"An hour earlier! What for?"

"I want to say my prayers for three weeks ahead."—Philadelphia Record.

"She is a nice girl, isn't she?"

"Very, the kind of girl you'd like to marry, after you've gotten through falling in love!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Yes, sir," said the man in cell 71, "time was when I was admitted to the very best houses."

"And what brought you here?"

"They caught me coming out."

your father anyway, and I am going to marry you, too." He spoke with an air of finality that was most convincing.

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